

I must go to the store to buy some groceries; otherwise there would be nothing to eat for dinner and I would starve. A human has to eat three times a day: breakfast, lunch and dinner.

*.i am safe to claim i am not human for unexplained reasons i am trapped in this human body .i struggle to free myself from it for obvious reasons i cannot tear myself away from it .i miss my own solitary world forget i am an alien in this body forget i am not human*

I go to the store and buy some chips and wafers and a few cans of soda. I have met a few people shopping for groceries, including a man and a woman picking out beef for brisket.

*.it is so hard to be human mundane tasks walking shopping relationships or anything .i always take the blame out on this human body; it is difficult to use these clumsy hands unbearably slow fleshy body always end up wrecking stuff tripping on the stairs hurting other humans and i say i am not human*

With food in paper bags I am tempted to eat them along the walk back home, but I hurry back to sit on my couch and eat as I watch an old TV show.

*.humans remain a mystery to me remain mysteries to each other mysteries to themselves .ONE mystery they conjure the remembered past imagined future in the present .TWO mystery they intentionally deceive themselves and intentionally forget i am not human*

I come back to my apartment where I live. I unlock and open the door and there is no sound. I drop to the ground and look for something I have dropped.

*solitary by nature i know nothing more about humans and their little average huge social groups real and imagined one-to-one interactions and bonds than i know about its constituent people; it has seen mothers fathers grandparents uncles aunts calling out their children grandchildren nephews and nieces' names children running to them laughing giggling greeted with smiles and hugs and kisses all around a thick impenetrable wall of silence building up from one end of space to the other end divisions unseen yet felt i am not human;*

If a human being be made up of a thousand pieces of scrap metal and two thousand defective nuts and bolts, I can say that I be made up of nineteen ninety-nine nuts and bolts and nine-hundred and ninety-nine pieces of metal.

*.i have nothing to do in this human body .i am bored the only way i will be free is when that red sticky stuff called blood ceases to flow in this body .i constantly whisper to her that nobody cares nobody loves her she is not human*

“24-year-old found dead in front of apartment door: investigation reveals possible suicide”